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## THE WEATHER

A marked depression is now centered in the office of G. Howard Ferguson where all preparations had been made for a hot time next June.



## THE MARKETS

Peace news from Queen's Park has caused stagnation in political stock; Grits have a more hopeful tone but Tory holders have lost a chance to take profits.

# The Hotairio Gasjette

Published by the Press Gallery of the Ontario Legislature  
in a moment of aberration

VOL. VII.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1918

No. 7

## HEARSE AND AMBULANCE ARE READY BUT BLOODSHED MAY BE AVERTED

Quill-Drivers Prepare to  
Take a Horrible  
Revenge

STATESMEN ARE  
GIVEN WARNING

Press Gallery Hope to See  
Cabinet Members  
Squirm

### LIST OF VICTIMS

Ever since the first gang of long-whiskered rubes gathered to approve of the laws framed up for them by a bunch of lawyer sharks in secret confab, the annual sessions of the Ontario Legislature have been the subject of criticism. In the course of time a strong sentiment grew up in favor of having the back benchers eliminated and free way given to the lawyers. That sentiment is reflected in our present system of Cabinet Government, but the demand for the abolition of the Legislative Assembly itself never lost force until the Legislative Press Gallery began to hold its annual dinners. Those dinners have demonstrated to everyone attending them—and the opinion of others does not count—that if nothing is accomplished the sessions are justified by the opportunity they give a few signally honored members to mix with the Gallery (free of cost).

### Square Meal Needed.

In view of the fact that the Legislature this session has done little more than hang on for the thirty days that gives each hard-working member the right to demand his full sessional indemnity, the holding of



"Chief Sliver."

the Gallery dinner is doubly necessary. The dinner will be held to-night, and in contrast to the sessional love-feast—so prettily exemplified by the submissive way in which Hartley Dewart kissed the robe of his Leader's gown—the Gallery intend to take a fiendish revenge upon the members of the House for all that it has had to put up with this session.

### No Quarter.

No quarter will be asked, and none given. Upon the floor of the House Cabinet Ministers are august personages—even I. B. little, but I. B. Lucas—but they are warned that the Gallery is no respecter of personages. It is hoped that there will be no bloodshed, but if the worst comes to the worst a hearse and an ambulance will be stationed at the side door of the buildings. Owing to the decision of the Government to stick to 2½ per cent. proof

(Continued on page 2)

Dubious Delicacies are  
Dished up for  
Members

DEBACLE BLAMED  
ON POKER SHARK

Fear of Food Controller  
Puts Proposed Menu  
on the Blink

### THE SAD TRUTH

The Gallery had intended to make this dinner a gastronomical delight. It had planned to have roast beef, Flaville bacon and eggs, white bread and other rare and expensive dishes just to prove that when the Gallery starts out to do something it doesn't stop before it starts. The Gallery sent its president down to Ottawa to intercede with the new Food Controller, confident that after one look at Berk that autocratic monster would o.k. anything to fill out the emaciated frame that blistered his eyes. Unfortunately, our honored president got into a poker game en route and doesn't remember whether he saw the Food Controller or not. The Gallery was afraid to take a chance, hence this menu. What will actually be served up only the caterer knows, and he isn't sure.

Soup.  
Cream of Tomato.  
Macdiarmids.  
Fillets of Whitefish.  
Pommes Parisienne.  
Poultry.  
Roast Old Hen, dressed.  
Murphies. Caulifleur.  
Dessert.  
Deep Apple Pie. Ice Cream.  
Cheese. Celery. Olives.  
Coffee.  
Decorations.  
Apples. Oranges. Bananas.

## BERKELEY WEARS A CLEAN COLLAR

Agreed to Reform if Elected  
as President of the  
Press Gallery

NOW WASHES DAILY

Gallery Members All Succeed  
in Being Elected to  
Important Posts

In return for a pledge that he would wear a clean collar once a day, shave once a week and wash at least once a month, Herbert Berkeley, the esteemed representative of the "Evening Tely," was elected president of the Legislative Press Gallery at the annual meeting. The meeting was one of the most pacific in years, none of the other members wanting the job, and all agreeing that no matter what the cost to gallery pride the benefits to be gained from the deal were too important to be set aside.

### This is on the Level.

Mr. Berkeley's rise to fame has been meteoric. He entered newspaper work as a police reporter at a salary of \$9 a week. His dominant, forceful personality, his fine presence, and his keen grasp of the great problems of the day were quickly appreciated, and after fifteen years of service he found himself occupying the responsible post of police reporter at a salary of \$9 a week. When Humber Bay Macdonald hearkened to the call of country and joined Col. Dinnick's home guard, Mr. Berkeley was promoted and his salary raised to \$9.50. That he was made president of the Gallery in his second year at the Parliament Buildings is significant of something or other. Following his election, Mr. Berkeley took charge of the meeting, and between-

(Continued on page 7.)



## McKEOWN KISSED, HOUSE IS JEALOUS

John McFarlane Saw Thrilling  
Spectacle Without any Ad-  
mission Charge

### McGURRY IS SHOCKED

Overcome by Revelations He  
Holds on to End of Tale  
by Sheer Grit

John McFarlane, the magnetic orator from West Middlesex, whose eloquence has more than once—twice, in fact—held the House speechless, electrified himself yesterday by making grave charges against C. R. McKeown, the Conservative Whip.

"I was walking along King street the other night when I saw the honorable member standing in the middle of the road embracing a woman who, from her appearance, had wandered far from the—"

"The lady was from Chicago," broke in Mr. McKeown hotly, "besides there wasn't any such lady. I deny everything, including what the honorable member is going to say."

"I saw the honorable member kiss this person on the—" Mr. McFarlane was continuing.

"No, no," protested Mr. McKeown, "the lady kissed me."

### McGurry Shocked Again.

It was at this point that Hon T W McGurry got up. "These revelations are too distressing, much too distressing," he said. "If the honorable member insists upon speaking of the matter let him do so in the privacy of my office." I wonder if my honorable friend knows the—er—name—"

"I can settle this in a moment. I have the utmost confidence in the member for Dufferin," said Sir Willyum Hurst. "The lady was the wife of the honorable member—am I right?"

"Yes, you are"—and here the House registered disappointment—NOT.

(Remainder deleted by the censor.)

### A PITIFUL APPEAL.

Dear Bill:—

Cut off our booze,  
So hard to lose;  
Cut off our bread and butter,  
Cut off the lock  
On Bowman's crock—  
You'll never hear us mutter.

Cut off the sin  
On Dewart's chin,  
That flourishes so thickly;  
But let us have  
The precious salve  
That I. B. spreads so sickly.

## THE GASJETTE COMFORT COLUMN

Candid Advice by Simpering Susie to a Lot of Statesmen Who Need Advice, Even if they Have Never Asked For It—Warranted to be Strictly Fresh

Bill Proudfoot: Can you tell me if the "Gasjetette" comes under the recent natural gas order of the Railway Board? Some Chat-ham friends are anxious.

Answer: We should think not. This well of inspiration is strictly for domestic consumption. Moreover, it is not natural gas, but poison gas that it exudes.

Wm. Macdonald: I incautiously admitted in the house that there were only two prisoners in the Bruce county jail. Can you tell me how me and Cargill can prove an alibi?

Answer: Poor Bill. You have our sympathy, but we are afraid it is hopeless. We have been there ourselves, and know what it is to try and square ourselves with the wife's relations.

Hartley the gunman: Please, Mr. Editor, can you tell me how a poor cove wot is down on his luck, times bein' bad thru perlitical truces and no more Ministers to slotter, kin get into the Burwash helth resort? I bin redin' the prospektis, and I understand it is sum sanitarium.

Answer: Apply to any Cabinet Minister. They are kind-hearted, if self-seeking, and would be glad to see you in any kind of a rest home.

Zotique Mageau: Ees it zat ze gouvernement purchasing agent will make purchase of all ze silk stockings and other "lingerie intime" for ze sessional stenographers?

Answer: Quit your ticklin', Zotique. You make us blush. You do, honest. We would bet our last sou you and Pinard have a frame-up all ready doped out to get an appointment under that purchasing agent as a measuring and fitting committee. We're onto your shape all right, all right.

Allan Studhorse: What in H—amilton did the Prime Minister of Agriculture mean when he talked about increasing the swine in all public institutions?

Answer: We could tell you, but we'd rather not. Ask Bert Roadhog.

### HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Tom McGarry: "Can you tell me if this 'Lucasite' bacillus that Dr. Jaques says eats the 'Spirochete pallida' alive is named after Hon. I. B. Lucas?"

Allan Studhorse: "Sure, it was formerly known as the 'Bacillus Godfreyanus,' but the brilliant medical researches of the Attorney-General decided the Medical Council to change the name of the bacillus in his honor."

## HEARSE AND AMBULANCE READY

(Continued from page 1)

spirits it will not be necessary to provide any other conveyances.

(Sssh!—a word to the initiated—yes, Hartley—meet in the Gallery later—sssh!)

The gang that gathers in the Speaker's Chambers tonight will be a hand-picked one. The Gallery has no use for floss. It is democratic to the point where democracy is unprofitable. It, therefore, has no use for prefixes. Some of its guests wear their prefixes with all the bashfulness of an old maid courting J. C. Elliott, but underneath it all they are good sports, so in they are.

The following gentlemen had the honor of being invited:—Hon. Dr. Jamieson, Sir William Hearst, Sir

Adam Beck, Hon. T. W. McGarry, Hon. G. H. Ferguson, Hon. F. G. Macdiarmid, Hon. W. D. McPherson, Hon. I. B. Lucas, Hon. Dr. Pyne, Hon. N. W. Rowell, K.C., M.P.; William Proudfoot, K.C., M.P.P.; C. M. Bowman, M.P.P.; Charles McCrea, M.P.P.; H. H. Dewart, K.C., M.P.P.; F. Wellington Hay, M.P.P.; Allan Studholme, M.P.P.; Dr. McCullough; Messrs. C. Matthews, W. B. Roadhouse, Sid. Johnston, O. Elliott, Harry Lovelock, A. T. Wilgress, Clarence Settell, Guy Morton, Harry W. Anderson.

The following members of the Press Gallery were commanded to attend:—Messrs. Hamm, Marchington, Martin, Berkeley, Raymore, Hughes, Creighton, Mitford, Willmot.

### PERSONAL.

Mr. G. H. Gooderham has returned from a short trip on the Toronto-Hamilton highway. He is confident a million dollars will finish the road as far as Port Credit.

### LOOK WHO'S HERE!

Sir Adam Beck, Chairman of the Hydro-Electric Commission, visited the House to-day. Sir Adam remained fully five minutes, though unable to understand what was going on.

### SAM CARTER, ANATOMIST

It was budget day, and Tom McGarry, arithmetical expert of the Legislature, was undergoing algebraic contortions. Sam Carter, the Guelph oracle, listened attentively. When Tom McG. had concluded his peroration, Sam nudged Tom Marshall, of Lincoln, and said in a stage whisper that could be heard at Yonge Street, "Tommy's some boy wi' figgers, but gimme a night at th' 'Star' an' Ah'll show him somethin' about figgers"

## For Sale

FREE! Free! Sphinxes and back-benchers! How to talk anywhere, any time and at any length.—A. E. D. (Brockville).

STOCK REDUCING SALE—Carnations at half-price to members.—Apply Wellington H.

PIANO for sale, by young gentleman, with beautifully carved legs.—Apply Hon. I. B. L. (Markdale).

FOR SALE, tame lion, a bit mangy, eats anything; very fond of children; no further use for same since political truce was declared.—Write W. H. Hearst, Queen's Park. (N.B.—Said lion may be viewed in the Provincial Treasurer's Office.)

FOR SALE—One Government House in good state of repair. Vendor thinks the owner should have no further use for it, especially in war time. The chance of a life-time for some millionaire who is fool enough to buy it.—Apply during session to Wm. McDonald.

## Male Help Wanted

WANTED—Hired man to act as Minister of Agriculture. No lawyers need apply. Must know enough about the working of tractors to answer technical teasers by rural Opposition members. Send photo and testimonials to Sir Wm. Hearst, Queen's Park.

## Female Help Wanted

ONE CHICKEN—Any color; young or old; tough or otherwise; laying or not; wings in good shape so as to fly to my assistance at any time; no moral code needed; must consent to be my wife until peace is signed, or until Military Service Act is repealed. Applicants must immediately apply for me at Dominion Police headquarters and produce marriage certificate.—Bill Marchington, c-o Tom Flanagan.



# WHO'S WHO IN THE GALLERY

Disgraceful and Hitherto Unpublished Facts About  
the Men Who Stand Ready to Risk Their  
Reportorial Reputations Upon Anything  
but the Speeches of A. E. Donovan  
and Sam Carter

**BERKELEY, Herbert.**—(Mug appears elsewhere.)—Thug cut-throat and poker shark; president of the Press Gallery; evaded immigration laws thirty years ago, still an undesirable citizen; spent short time at Burwash, but got out; author of several volumes of "The Life and



Times of Allan Studhorse," printed in serial form in "Hamilton Herald."

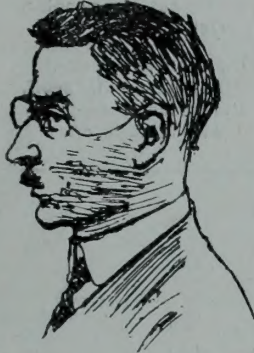
**CREIGHTON, Charles Dickens.**—Should have been born in South Dakota; a bad guy; agent of the reptile Canadian Press; tried honest reporting, but couldn't get away with it; now robs Gallery members of their correspondence graft; author of Capt. Bailey's Massey Hall statement and a lot of others



unfit to be printed; a devil with women, but still single (legally).

**MITFORD, George Harmony Kamerad.**—Born abroad somewhere; naturalized, but never circumcized; author of "Crusts and Crumbs" in the "World"; is both crusty and crummy himself; therefore an authority on the subject; resigned Toronto Press Club presidency (shortage of votes); disposition serious; morals doubtful.

**HAMM, John.**—Rural dean of Press Gallery; Rasputin



of the Ontario Government; juggler of public accounts, and the only man who ever flimflammed T. W. McGarry (vide public accounts 1914-1917 inclusive); served apprenticeship on "Evening Globe"; severed connection with that paper when the subscriber died; with the "Mail and Empire" and the "Gasjette" ever since.

**MARTIN, George Von.**—Born near Berlin, Ont.;



leader of riots and beer parade; took place of Kaiser Wilhelm's bust when latter was thrown into Victoria Lake; a poor imitation; will be hard hit by Social Evil Bill; boards at Krausmann's Hotel, and does Bill Marchington's work; no family that can be traced, but rumors are afloat.



**MARCHINGTON, William** (better known as "Lightning Bill").—Holds slow



speed record in everything; once a policeman, got the job because of his large feet; holds mortgage on the salaries of the Press Gallery as result of crooked work at poker; almost too tired to get down to work so has assistant to do it; is married; he looks it; works on the "Globe."

**HUGHES, George.**—Known as the Beau Brummel of the



Gallery; one and only reporter on the "Evening Snooze"; almost interned at Burwash; great nose for hidden whiskey bottles; a wonderful bowler; married and three kids to prove it.

**RAYMORE, George Stanley.**—"Star" scoop artist; protege of James Bolsheviki Simpson; wearer of "Star's" leather medal; an authority on finance, and was of great assistance to Hon. Tom McGarry in deciding whether he had issued a loan or not;

## AN EXPLANATION.

The "Gasjette" artist regrets his inability to portray Mr. Marchington in a more characteristic pose. Bill's active, eager, restless temperament, which never allows him to relax a moment, made it impossible to arrange a sitting. Consequently the whole Gallery had to force him into a chair and chloroform him. Unfortunately this happened early in the session and Bill has been under the influence ever since.

## THE CARTER BOXING ACADEMY

Special Attention Given  
to the Art of Laying  
Out Old and Feeble  
Legislators

POINTERS ON AVOIDING  
LIVE ONES WHO WILL  
SLAM BACK

### TESTIMONIAL:

"I can heartily recommend your school. I got no lessons myself, but I have met a man who did."

Yours,  
W. H. HOYLE

narrowly escaped going on a far journey, and is still nervous; wishes he was married; too late.

**WILLMOT, Harry.**—Tory press agent, once Grit; turned his coat the day abolish the bar policy was introduced; is much given to scriptural quotations; favorite statesman Hon. N. W. Rowell; ditto orator Sam Carter; will answer whistle of any member of the Government; lost baggage on recent trip to Burwash (cork came out); club, J. P. Downey Home for Incurable Politicians (photo unprintable).

## IF ONLY OUR DREAMS CAME TRUE

(Scene: Office of Hon. Ikey Lucas.)

Enter Flossie Fewclothes, who proceeds to divest herself of her coat, dab her nose with a powder puff, light a cigarette and sit on the edge of the table, swinging her legs and attempting to whistle "O joy, O boys, where do we go from here?"

Hon. Ikey (registering astonishment): "The scenery looks good to me, but—what's the idea?"

Flossie (readjusting her garter): "Don't you know, kid? I'm your new stenographer."

Hon. Ikey (trying to look stern, but not succeeding): "I am sure I appreciate the honor, but, might I ask, who appointed you?"

Flossie (trying to tickle Ikey): "Aw, quit your kiddin'. Sure Hart. Dewart gave me the job. He said he had the appointment of your stenographer. I was in the gallery, and I heard him, an' you just blushed and said, 'Now, wouldn't that be nice?'"

Hon. Ikey (affectionately): "O, if that's the case—"  
(Remainder deleted by the censor.)

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The Hotairio Gasjetette is offered by the Press Gallery as a mirror in which Ontario's law-makers may see themselves as the Gallery sees them.

It goes only to those mentally equipped to appreciate its intellectual excellence. The circulation is necessarily small.

It is disrespectful and therefore entitled to respect. It is censorious but not censored. It gives the facts as they ought to be.

Applications for copies must be made in person, and in the case of members of the Legislature must be accompanied by the certificate of an alienist.

Contributions from members of the House will be gratefully accepted—but not printed.

Toronto, March 15, 1918.

## Hotairial

### A DOGGONE DISGRACE

The Gasjetette admires the way in which the Prime Minister, after only a week in which to assure himself that the beer deputation represented only a few votes in the country at large, risked his whole political future by defying the "howling," "clutching" mob of four or eight thousand thirsty advocates of free beer; but the Gasjetette must take issue with him on this dog tax policy. If Sir Bill Hearst had had anything under his belt but a lot of canned con from Bert Roadhouse and Bill Bailey his arguments, whatever they were (the Gasjetette Editor did not hear them) would have been worth as much as they usually are, but we have the word of the man against whose dog this bill was directed, that his dog is no cur. The honourable member for East Hamilton says his purp is a blue-blooded St. Bernard with a strain of Pomeranian, and while the Gasjetette does not believe that the member in question would associate with anything blue-blooded, we accept his statement without reservation. But even if his dog is a cur—which, of course, it can't be owing to our previous acceptance of the member's statement—we would still oppose the bill. That there cu—dog is Studdy's friend, and 'eaven knows 'e ain't got many.

### WHAT TOM SAYS GOES

Come what may the Gasjetette stands by the Honourable Thomas W. McGarry. A loan is a loan when it is a loan, or if it isn't a loan it is a loan or it isn't a loan, whichever Mr. McGarry says. The Gasjetette, in spite of its championship of Mr. McGarry, has some reverence for facts, but does not feel that it is performing a public duty in

holding down to ordinary every-day facts a statesman who proved his genius for finance by discovering \$400,000,000 of assets in Ontario's bogs, scrub pine and icebergs, and appointing the editor of the Gasjetette as stenographer to the Public Accounts Committee. Any man who can sell two million dollars' worth of bonds before he sells them, or who after selling them can go ahead and sell them again, thus doubling the revenue of the province, and the suspicion of the Opposition is above criticism. The only difficulty in which the editor of the Gasjetette finds himself is in keeping step with Thomas.

### A LAMENT.

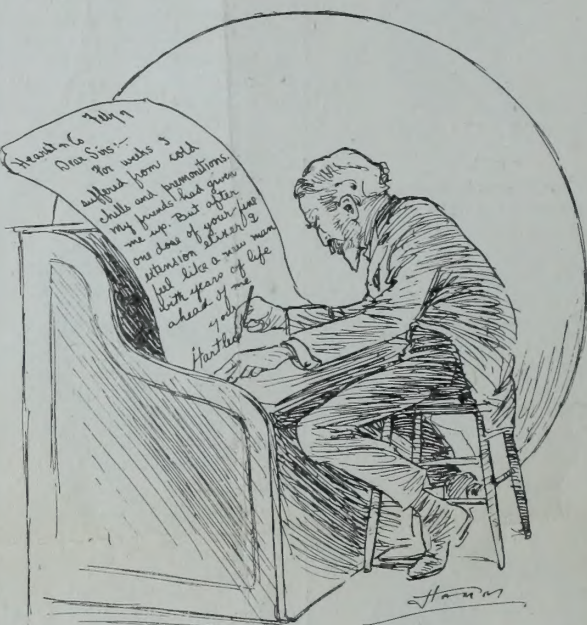
By Col. (honorary) Ferguson to Harry the Batman.

Put up your pen  
My trusty knight,  
For there ain't goin'  
To be no fight.

Next June will come,  
But I'll not be  
Slaughtering Grits,  
Ah, no, not me.

Call in the band,  
Tie up the bull,  
Bring out the needles,  
Get me some wool.

On with the socks,  
Let who will, scoff,  
I'm reconciled—  
The fight is off.



A Genuine Testimonial.

### A WORTHY BILL.

Whether the daylight saving bill saves daylight or not, Major Hartt is to be congratulated. His motive is an entirely worthy one. So many people passing the worthy Major upon the street in the semi-darkness of early evening have mistaken him for a mere captain that action by the Legislature to have the light improved was imperative.

### FAMOUS SAYINGS.

#### By Famous Men

N. W. Rowell: "The heads of the Union Government at Ottawa are solid as British oak."

Dr. Forbes Godfrey: "Toronto has a reception hospital, but what of Ontario, where dwelleth my honorable friend, Billy McDonald?"

Sir William Hearst: "Gentlemen, as Minister of Agriculture I have made two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but Hairy Jack's cranial exterior still defies my skill."

### LITERARY NOTES.

The literary editor of the Gasjetette recently invited suggestions from famous men as to the greatest works of the day. Such of those as are fit to print are appended:

Sir Wm. Hearst: "The Farmer's Advocate."

Thos. Marshall: "On the Trail of the Lonesome Pyne."

Hon. W. H. Hoyle: "Kick Carter."

Hon. F. G. MacDiarmid: "Fisherman's Luck."

Forbes Godfrey: "How to be Happy, though Crazy."

J. C. Elliott: "A Hair-raising Experience."

A. E. Donovan: "The Ladies' Home Journal."

Hon. T. W. McGarry: "The Red Hand of Ulster."

Hon. W. D. McPherson: "Le Devoir."

### AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Proudfoot and Dewart are making a show of themselves in their famous dialogue entitled "Harmony."

## Book Reviews

AGRI-KULTUR, by Prof. Wm. Hearst, B.Y., H.E.C.K. One of the most extraordinary books of the decade. It should be on every lawyer's book-shelf. We venture to say that if the author had taken his short course at the O.A.C. and embodied the startling results of his researches in imperishable print two years earlier, the Germans would have been hollering for help before this. The radical character of the work can be culled from a casual glance at the headings of some of the chapters, such as: "On the economic use of tractors in pulling raspberries." "The true relationship between bog-spavin and the peat industry," "Glanders at a glance," or "Ophthalmology of the potato." It is real high-brow stuff, and it is, we understand, to be adopted as a text-book by the Department of Education, if Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun can make "Doc" Pyne understand what it is all about.

LIMPID LYRICS, by Lucas (known in some quarters as "Ikey, the Yiddish Nightingale"). Since Ella Wheeler Wilcox' "Poems of Passion," we don't know when we have shed so many tears over a volume of alleged verse. The straightforward honesty of its very crudities have a You-be-d—d punch about them that remind us of Service in his most intoxicated moments. His "Ode to a Gonococcus," inspired, as he tells us in a footnote, by reading Hodgins' thrilling romance, "The Thunder Clap," is inflammatory to the point of audacity. It fairly drips with passion. His touching apostrophe to "Salvarsan" beginning:

"O succulent soother of sorrowful souls"

is one that even Forbes Godfrey could not have bettered.

THE IDIOSYNCRACIES OF AN IDIOT, by Forbes Godfrey, author of "Pains of Patronage," and other spasms (McPherson, Hearst and Lucas, Queen's Park) is a book that should win the unanimous and instant approval of all students of cranial incapacity in and around the environs of University Avenue and College Street. This work shows a profound knowledge of the subject on the part of the writer, and his personal experiences of suffering from various hallucinations are worth their weight in gold.

FRENZIED FINANCE, by T. McGarry. 400 pages; has pretty blue cover (not reviewed, impossible to find anyone who has read it).



## McGARRY READY TO TRY ANYTHING

Generously Agrees to Tie Tin  
Can to Opposition  
Members

## ARE NO USE ANYHOW

Samuel Has a Bad Dream and  
Just Wakes Up in Time

"Wot I says is as 'ow there's too many in this 'ere 'ouse," declared Socialistic Sam. "Wot do you members on that side say? I says why cawn't we cut a few of 'em out. Why not increase that there surplus?"

Hon. Mr. McGarry rose to his feet. "I am in entire accord with the honorable member for South Wellington, and we can start by canning the Opposition," he said. "What good has it been this year, anyway? There's enough of us on this side to run the province."

"Why not go it one better and just leave the Cabinet Ministers," suggested Hon. Ikey Lucas, amid applause from the Cabinet members, and a wail of despair from A. E. Donovan, who is on the ragged edge of preferment.

Sam Carter (weakly):  
"ere, ere."

It was just then that a bluebottle, flying by, mistook Sam's yawning mouth for a place of refuge—and Sam awoke.

## DEMNIATION BOW-WOWS

Editor "The Gasjette."

Dear Sir,—I am a poor, hard-working labor member, living in the village of East Hamilton. Until last week I had an inoffensive yellow purp, which was the joy of the whole household and the sole solace of my leisure moments. Maybe he wasn't a dog, but only a cur (I leave that to Francis Hay to say), but what do you think of this, Mr. Editor? One dark night when I went out, as I sometimes do, to address a labor meeting, I forgot to tie him to the bedpost, and the poor purp got loose and tried to follow me to the meeting. Alas, poor purp! A black-hearted villain named Bill Hearst, who claims that he is an agriculturist and puts up a bluff that he keeps sheep, sneaked up to him in an alleyway and gave him, what my classical friend, Sam Carter would call, his "quietus." And this fellow, Hearst, has a pull with the Government, and I can't get satisfaction for the outrage.

Yours sorrowfully,

ALLAN STUDHOLME.

## MEMBERS DON'T WANT TO BE CURED HOSPITAL PROJECT TURNED DOWN

Doc. Godfrey Will Now Build a Gilded Palace Him-  
self and Will be the Only Inmate--Says Present  
Institution at Mimico is Good  
Enough for Tom Hook

"To establish a reception hospital for the members of the Legislative Assembly" was the subject of the bill introduced into the House yesterday afternoon by the hon. member from Mimico, with the result that the members were roused from their usual state of torpor for the first time this session.

Dr. Godfrey said that his bill was an extension of his scheme for the establishment of "gilded palaces" in each asylum district.

"What asylum would this reception hospital be connected with?" asked Hon. W. D. McPherson.

### Big Place Needed.

"That of the Parliament Buildings—the asylum of all political refugees," replied Dr. Godfrey.

Dr. Godfrey, in explaining his measure, said that it was the result of the peculiar antics of some of the members of the House who at times seemed to be suffering acutely from certain diseases which recurred every session. He thought that if they were given the proper treatment they might not become permanently affected. The member from South Wellington, he said, seemed to suffer from a disease common to certain types of people and known as "reformation." Under the enervating influence of the gilded palace, Dr. Godfrey thought that his friend might be saved from the

terrible possibility of becoming a professional reformer.

Sam Carter arose at this point to emphatically deny that he was suffering from any disease. He said that he had been reforming in one way and another ever since he had worked with his hands. He was quite in favor of the scheme provided that the name should be changed from "reception hospital" to "reformatory."

Picking up the thread of his rather disjointed remarks, the worthy doctor said that although there were some Government members who were doubtless fit for the hospital, the majority of the cases were confined to the members of the Opposition. "Bill" MacDonald had so far lost his reason on one occasion as to fight with the Spartans at Thermopylae, lick the French at Waterloo, interview the King at Quebec, and put General Allenby to sleep at Nazareth without taking breath. On the Government Benches the Provincial Treasurer sometimes suffered from a hallucination as to when a loan was not a loan.

Mr. McGarry said that he was quite clear on the point, "a loan is not a loan until it is a loan," said he.

When the bill was put to the House it was defeated, since most of the members realized that it would interfere with their individual liberty.

## TICK, TICK, TICK

The speaker was Billy Hearst. The subject was "The Eradication of the Sheep Tick from the Hide of the Opposition Members of the Ontario House." The Government back benchers were playing pinocle with Charlie McCrea, the nickel magnate of Sudbury, and Tommy McGarry was negotiating another war loan with Morpheus. Suddenly the figure wizard awoke with a start. He heard Bill Hearst say "tick."

"Credit," Tommy murmured, and dozed off again.

## FOR SALE.

FIVE volumes of McCrea's "Guide to Sudbury and the Nickel Mines," for sale, cheap; or would exchange for a bottle of Scotch; going West; communicate with H. H. D., South-west Toronto.

## WHEN IT IS KNEADED

Charlie McCrea, the nickel king of Sudbury, had just introduced his notable amendment to the Ontario Bread Act, and Jack Elliott, the majestic West Middlesex member, had risen to his feet to make his usual protest against governmental incapacity.

"Why has this Bread Bill been introduced?" he queried.

"Because we k(nead) it," replied the gay Charlie, wickedly.

## PERSONAL.

WARNING—If Wellington Hay thinks he can trifle with the affections of a poor girl because he wears a bargain-table carnation in his button-hole every day, he has got a shock coming to him soon. My big brother knows all about it and is laying for him.—"Mayme."

## IT CAN'T BE DID

Monsieur J. Alphonse Pinard: "I would respectfully suggest, Mr. Speaker, that the member for South Wellington be required to speak the official language of the province when addressing this august body of deputies."

Mr. Speaker: Asseyez vous, mon cher Alphonse, the hon. gentleman is doing his best. Remember, the Government has not established bilingual schools for Yorkshiresmen."

Mr. Carter: "I protest, Mester Speaker, 'Ere's my point. Hit's hall right, but 'eaven knows I've ed a struggle to get a seat in this 'ere 'ouse and wressle with them beasts of Hephesus over yonder. Black men and white uns too shud 'ave th' same chance to sit 'ere as members o' this 'ere 'ouse. Hi would go further end hadmit th' Frenchmen too. Then you will 'ave real democracy, when all creeds will gather round the 'eavenly footstool—"

Mr. Pinard: "Mr. Speaker, I insist that the hon. gentleman should speak in English."

Mr. Speaker: "If you can make him speak English, go to it, old top, but on the level I have reached the conclusion that 'it can't be did.'"

## Articles Wanted

WANTED — Second-hand tin bathtub; a few holes won't matter, as it is only wanted for appearances.—T. Hook.

WANTED—One dozen gas masks; must be in good condition, able to throw off new mustard gas generated when A. E. Donovan is speaking; submit samples to Press Gallery.

BRIGHT young man wanted for the position of secretary to the Minister of Agriculture; must have knowledge of law and mining engineering; knowledge of farming unnecessary.—Apply, Dr. Creelman, Commissioner of Agriculture.

BOYS, boys, write for sample of my new "Elixir." You will forget all about that tired feeling; especially beneficial to fagged Parliamentarians; guaranteed to be from same stock which we used on the Laurier special; strongly recommended by Sir Wilfrid. Send 5-cent stamp to cover postage.—H. H. D., South-West Toronto.

JOB wanted, as trainer to fighter who will not get soft-hearted when I get everything ready for a big scrap. Have a lot of publicity dope that can be switched.—G. H. F., Queen's Park.



## TERRIBLE DANGER MENACES GALLERY

Government Takes Steps to  
Protect Its Faithful  
Press Agents

## ABOLISH CLAP-TRAP

Special Concern is Felt for  
Correspondent of the  
Hamilton Herald

"What is the Government's object in enacting legislation respecting—(deleted by censor)—diseases?"

This was the question put to Hon. Isaac B. Carter, Minister of Social and Moral Reform.

The Minister was, as usual, very candid in his reply.

"We are profoundly concerned," said he, "over the welfare of certain newspapermen. 'ere's my point—we 'ave been told a red-light district has been established in Melinda street."

"There are two newspaper offices in that street," the "Gasjetette" reminded the Minister.

"That is the reason why I cannot be more specific," he commented. "I may say," he added, "that a good deal of clap-trap has been talked by Hartley Pinard. Of course one cannot depend too much on what Hartley says, for though his knowledge may be extensive it is not that of an expert."

### Gallery in Danger.

"Why is the Government in such a hurry over this legislation in view of the fact that it was tried in England fifty years ago and did not work?" asked the Gasjetette.

"Word has just been received that Mr. Marchington, war correspondent, is home, and fears are entertained for the members of the Press Gallery," replied the Minister. "We must protect them, you know," he added.

"But is not this war correspondent on the staff of the 'Globe'? And has not the 'Globe' been described by Dr. J. A. Macdonald as 'that Gibraltar of morality'?" asked the alarmed scribe.

"I grant you all that. But you never know what happens these high moral ginks when they get away from home," was the Minister's comeback.

### Is He Decent?

"We are especially anxious," the Minister added emphatically, "that decent-living newspapermen like the Legislature correspondent of the 'Hamilton Herald' shall not be exposed to this danger."



Gunner Lucas Wins the Iron Cross.

"What is this correspondent's name?" asked the "Gasjetette."

"In view of the responsible position he occupies as president of the Press Gallery it would be grossly unfair to make his name public, but I may tell you semi-privately that he is the hackneyed press-agent of Mr. Allan Studhorse."

"Then the menace, in your opinion, is very real?"

The Minister answered with a question: "Did you ever notice how a Toronto newspaperman, when sent to Montreal by his paper, goes direct from the station to—(deleted by censor)—?"

Remembering his own experience, the correspondent of the "Gasjetette" murmured an apologetic assent and withdrew in confusion.

## The Hearst-Proudfoot ORATORICAL SCHOOL

### Back Benchers!

Learn How to Become  
Great Spellbinders

Perferuid Patter  
Frenzied Phrases

Try these famous aids  
to oratory

"In the hour of our  
country's purl."

"The fate of political  
parties is as dust  
in the balance."

"The bugle call of  
freedom."

"The iron heel of Ger-  
man militarism."

"The world will never  
be the same again."

## PISCATORIAL PERSIFLAGE A Fish Story

By Finny MacDiarmid

It was a fine evenin' in early spring. Me and Hank Passmore was settin' on the cracker barrel in the village grocery store, tryin' to dope out some scheme to pay our poker debts, when, all of a sudden Hank jumps up, excited like, and sez to me, "Fin," sez he, "how come we to fergit that the suckers is running strong in the crik?" "Suckers," sez I; "what's the idea? I thought chicken wuz more in your line."

It wuz then that Hank's real genius showed up. "What's the matter with organizin' a Suckers Supply Co., Unlimited, an' git all the kids in the village workin' for us?" says he.

We done it. Yessir, we done it. A few of the bigger kids, who thought themselves some high-toned fishermen, tried to kick about the 20 per cent. me and Hank wuz to get fer organizin' the company, but we had them backed off the map in no time. "There's lots of other suckers in the crik if you don't want to play," sez we, and that turned the trick, believe me.

It wuz just like takin' candy from a baby. Now all me an' Hank has to do all summer long is to lie on a grassy bank, enjoyin' what John McFarland would call our "otium cum dignitate," chewin' chicklets and watchin' th' suckers make money fer us to spend.

Sum cinch. Eh what!

### ARTICLES FOR SALE.

COMB and brush; owner no longer requires it.—Apply Mark Irish, Queen's Park.

## HON. TOM MCGARRY SCOOPS THE STAR

Publishes Public Accounts Before  
Famous Paper  
Gets Them

## THE GREAT MYSTERY

Perlstein the Yiddish Scoop  
Artist Gets Some Rich  
Inside Dope

Feb. 15.—Star Reporter: "Is the Government selling any bonds to-day?"

Hon. Tom McGarry: "We are merely feeling out the market."

Feb. 16.—Toronto "Star" officially announces big Government loan.

Feb. 18.—Mr. Proudfoot: "Mr. Speaker, before the orders of the day are called—"

McGarry: "That accursed 'Star' is a blankety, blank rag. The Government will not sell those bonds till Monday."

Feb. 19.—Star editorial: "McGarry says bonds not on market. Our reporter was told by his mother-in-law that the Bank of Commerce caretaker told the night watchman at the Ontario Club that a block of these bonds had been offered to a prominent citizen of Fergus."

Feb. 21.—Toronto "Globe" observes controversy between McGarry and "Star," and points out that entire issue was sold two weeks previously.

### The Dreaded Yid.

Feb. 22.—"Star" editor organizes posse of alleged reporters to round up the missing bonds, and Yiddish scoop artist interviews McGarry.

Yiddish S. A.: "We want to know where are doze bonds?"

McGarry: "Hon. Finlay Macdiarmid has them at present; he is using them to cover the shelves in his new fish storehouse."

Yiddish S. A.: "What price will they yield?"

McGarry: "Who wants to know?"

Yiddish S. A.: J. E. Atkinson. He told me I was not to let you trick me."

McGarry rings for Matthews, and asks for volumes XV to XXX inclusive, of the Public Accounts of Ontario and the Revised Statutes of Ontario. Handing them to the Yiddish S. A. he says, "Take these down to your office and read them through and you will find the reason why the Government has decided not to issue any more bonds till next Wednesday."

### Exit Garlic.

Exit Yiddish S. A., with material for six more "Star" specials.



## A HARD-WORKING FARMER

(Tune "Tipperary")

Oh I'm a patriotic man, and just to do my bit,  
I call myself a farmer and I think I make a hit;  
Some say I'm just a lawyer, and they tell the farmers so;  
Well, lawyers say a lot of things that farmers ought to know.

Chorus:

It's a long stretch of imagination  
To picture me behind plow,  
But I want to help the nation,  
Though it's mostly bluff just now.  
But still I am a-tryin', a farmer to become;  
It's a hard, hard job to get away with,  
But I'm plugging along.

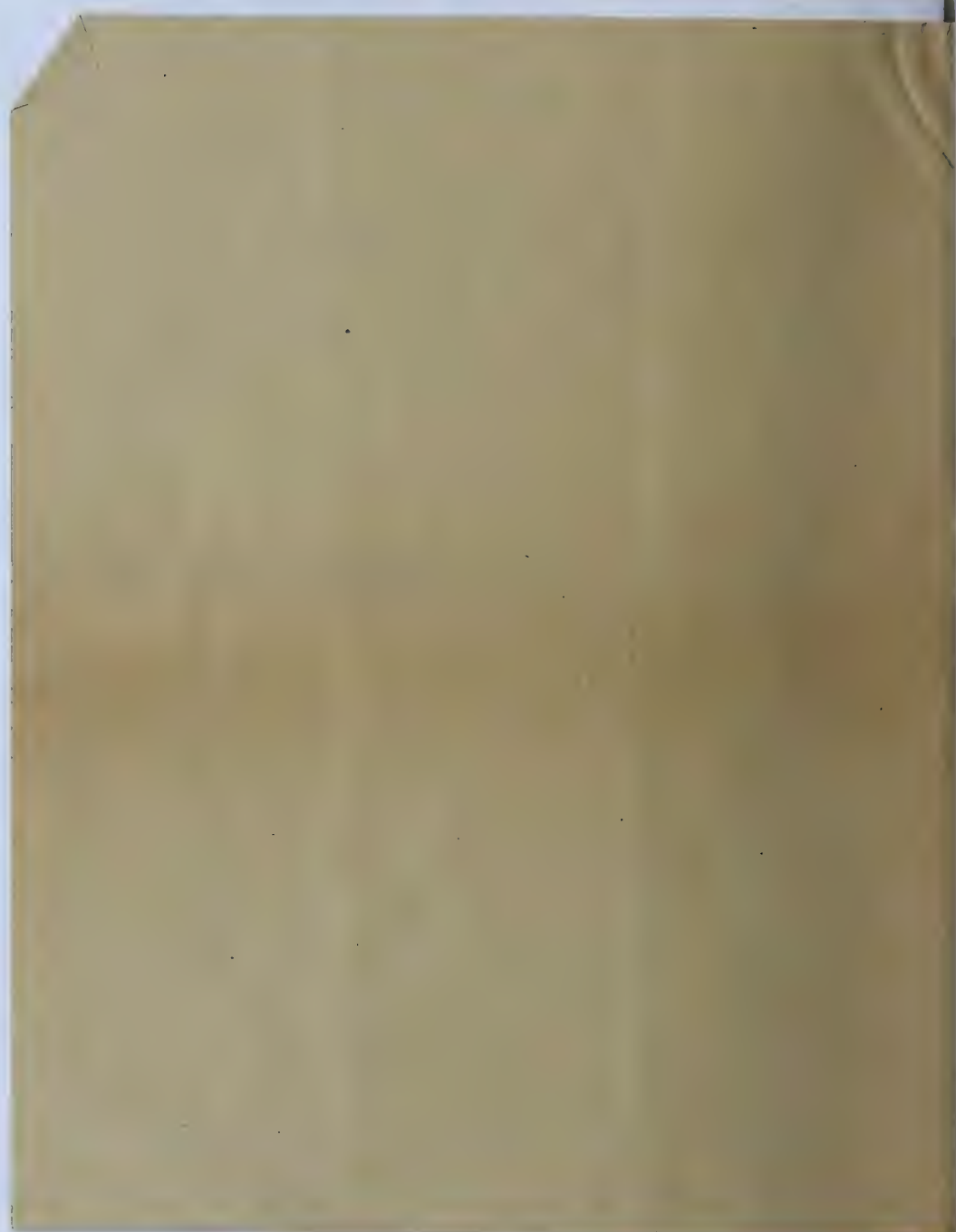
Increased production is the thing that keeps me 'wake at nights,  
Because the farmers say that simple words will not suffice.  
They will not make potatoes grow, so now I'm up a tree,  
And hunting further knowledge in my o'd law libraree.

We must have sheep if in this conflict we are going to stay,  
So that is why I put a tax upon my old dog, Tray;  
'Cause when the farmers speak to me, I simply must obey,  
And just let on that was the thing that I was going to say.

Oh, porkers, cows and bulls we need, a famine to avert,  
And so we tell the farmers that their duty's plain as dirt;  
For if they raise the hogs and cows to send across the sea,  
Then I can sling enough bull for the Allied familee.

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## NO MORE RUNNING FOR POOR HARTLEY

Famous Grit Sprinter Got in  
Way of Dominion Unionist  
Steam Roller

## NERVE NOW ALL GONE

Heroic Dash to Save an Old  
White-plumed Gentleman  
Ended in Disaster

Three of our well-known athletes, Hartley Dewart, Wm. McDonald and Wellington Hay are now lingering in the Opposition Hospital in a serious condition as a result of a collision with a steam roller belonging to the Dominion Unionist Co. of Ottawa. The details of the sad affair, which happened some time ago, have been shrouded in mystery, but yesterday a "Gasjet" sleuth extracted an explanation from one of the victims.

"Yes," said Mr. Dewart, wryly sipping a glass of water. "It was a very painful experience. You see, we were walking along when we noticed an old white-haired gentleman out in the road with the steam roller smashing right at him. Looking back at it now I can see that he was just trying to commit suicide, but then— Well, I thought he was going to stop that roller. And seeing he was a benevolent old man who might reward those who helped him, we ran out into the road to take a hand."

### Is Still Dizzy.

The injured man paused: "Well, you know what happened. It makes me dizzy just to think of it."

The "Gasjet" sleuth dropped a tear of pity.

"Cheer up, old man," he encouraged, "you'll be all right after a while. You aren't dead yet—politically speaking."

Over the Mephistophelian features of the poor man came a look of unutterable dejection.

"No," he groaned. "No. My heart's gone bad. The doctors say I may linger here for a while, but I have to keep quiet after this. If I ever run again it'll be my finish."

### Look Who's Here!

In an adjoining bed a round red face with a carnation pinned in one ear was raised from the pillow. "Me too," said a hollow voice.

And from further down the aisle came a whispered lament.

"Me too," said "Blathering Bill."

LOST—Studdy's "minium" wage bill. Last seen two sessions ago.

TRY

DOC McPHERSON'S

## BURWASH BLOOD BITTERS

A Real Stimulant—The Original Red-Eye  
Better Than 2½% Beer

Carload Rates to Opposition Members

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS:

HARTLEY DEWART—"Dear Doc, for real nickel-plated excitement your great Northern Ontario remedy has them all skinned. Even the sight of the label makes my blood boil."

J. C. ELLIOTT—"It made my hair curl."

W. H. HOYLE—"As a soothing-syrup it is great. I have been slowly poisoned by a long course of Carter's Little Literary Pills and was getting madder every minute. You saved my life."

SIR WM. HEARST—"I drank a bottle of it after that labor deputation tried to get their 'angry clutches' on me (see Sunday World), and I feel better already, thank you."

## LATEST SONG HIT OF THE HOUR

## "I Like to See Your Smile"

(Dedicated to the Hon. Dr. Pyne)

By WM. McDONALD

NORTH BRUCE MUSIC CO.  
PUBLISHERS

### BERKELEY WEARS

(Continued from page 1.)

whiles, when he was getting fresh breath, the following other officers of the Gallery were elected:

Vice-President: William Nothing Marchington.

Secretary-Treasurer: Charles Dickens Creighton.

Executive: George Hesketh Knowlys Mitford, George Hughes, George Alexander Martin, George Stanley Raymond.

Editor of the "Gasjet": John Hamm.

The gallery pages and the sessional doorkeeper were not elected to anything.

### REWARD! REWARD!

FOR the apprehension and conviction of a scoundrel who broke into my orphan asylum in Queen's Park last Sunday and absconded with between \$400 and \$500, the property of one of my wards. No magistrate being willing to issue a warrant on the Sabbath, I was unable to get on his trail in time myself.—Address: Sir Wm. Hearst, Queen's Park Asylum for Imbeciles.

### BERKELEY'S ANNUAL

Sir William Hearst arose to his feet on the floor of the House. His face was stern, boding ill for someone. At last he spoke, and the sound of his voice filled the assembly with a nameless fear.

"Some person or persons unknown," he said, "have committed a very serious offence. Last night, while our estimable Speaker, Dr. Jamieson, was having his annual wash, some scoundrel stole his razor."

Creighton to Marchington, in a loud aside: "Gee! Berkeley's had a shave."

## QUEEN'S PARK ABATTOIR

Daily Killings of  
Municipal Bull

TORONTO LEGISLATIVE  
LAMBS A SPECIALTY

References:

T. L. CHURCH  
City Hall

## TOO MANY WOMEN IN THE HOUSE NOW

Are Camouflaging Around in  
Pants, Says Sam Carter  
in Disgust

## HIS HEALTH MENACED

Sam Could Not Blow Off Steam  
Properly if There Were  
Skirts in House

"Women, women, what are women?" Sam Carter, not the genial Carter of ante-prohibition days, but the morose specimen of humanity acidified by the reduction of his daily allowance of beer and pop, faced the august Assembly with flashing eye and belligerent mien. "Seats i' th' House f'r women! What next will yoh ask? Aren't they runnin' th' world now? I ask yoh i' aw fairness, Mr. Speaker an' gentlemen, what would this House be like wi' a bunch o' women gassin' here aw heurs o' th' night? A'n't th' old women we have here neaw bad enou'?"

### Too Many Now.

"I'stead o' bringin' moore women int' t' Legislater. Ah think it's abeaut time we shunted a few o' them eaut. Luk at Doc Godfrey, neaw, he wan's t' provide old women's homes i' th' province, so that he'll have a place t' go when his constituents get tired o' him an' kick him eaut. An' what ud we do wi'out Tom McGarry? Why put a woman i' his place? Canna he get deawn int' th' pockets o' th' public better than any woman c'n get int' her husband's pants? What would Ah do if Ah hadna Tommy t' take a fa' eaut once i' a while? What ud Ah do wi' th' overdose o' Guelph two-an'-a-half profanity Ah collect o'er th' weekend? Gentlemen, Ah'd bust if Ah couldn't let off steam once a week. An' on that ground alone Ah strenuously protest agin a petticoat fillin' Tommy McGarry's seat."

### Poor Old Sam.

"Gentlemen, Ah feel very strongly i' this matter." Sam sobbed audibly as he said this. In a moment he recovered himself. Sweeping the tears from his cheeks, and swallowing the plug of Macdonald's which had been reposing in his left cheek all the time, he sat down.

PERSONAL.—A Bachelor, anxious to marry, needs help of doctor who will sign anything. Doc. Godfrey need not apply. E. W. J. O., Queen's Park.



## WILL SAVE MONEY ON LICENSE BOARD

Two Members to be Retired  
in the Interest of  
Economy

## ARE GIVEN OTHER JOBS

Economy in Agriculture—  
Deputy Minister's False Econ-  
omy, Says Premier

"Consistent with the necessity for keeping the friends of the party in their jobs, the Government will practise every economy," said Hon. Mr. McPherson, in the House yesterday. "I trust that this announcement will be accepted as a warning by the sessional stenographers and messengers."

"But what about the Ontario License Board?" asked the member for South-west Toronto.

"I am pleased that my honorable friend has brought that up," replied the Minister. "We have already saved the salaries of two commissioners by reducing the Board to three members. Mr. Fred. Dane leaves the Board, but in view of the fact that he is an Orangeman as widely known, though not so exalted, as myself, his services were too valuable to lose. He is therefore engaged now in handing out money to settlers at a rake-off only slightly more than he received in salary on the Board. By another coincidence we have seen the necessity for a new job in the License Department for which we fortunately have been able to secure Mr. Ayearst—at his old salary. I trust my honorable friend will not again doubt the sincerity of this Government in enforcing economy."

### Too Much Economy.

"Well, is the Government going to get rid of any of its agricultural deputies or commissioners or whatever they are?" asked Mr. Proudfoot.

Sir Wm. Hearst jumped to his feet, his verbal machine gun spitting fire wickedly as he rose.

"I want to tell my honorable friend that the need for greater production of agricultural deputies is just as imperative as the call for potatoes. I have been Minister of Agriculture for over a year now, and four assistants have been unable to turn me into a real agriculturist. It necessarily follows that I need more of them."

"Has the Government any other plan for economizing?" asked Mark Irish.

"Yes," said the Prime Minister. "We are now considering a suggestion by Mayor Tommy Church that we abolish the Ontario Railway Board and the Government itself."

## BEERLESS LEADER'S LAST GOOD BYE; AFFECTING SCENES AT PARTING

Incomparable Chieftain Gains the Reward of Long  
Years of Toil in the Glaring Light of Publicity  
---Sympathizes With Followers in Their Loss

The moment of parting had come. The beerless leader was a leader no longer. A call had come to a new sphere of usefulness, and he was on his way. Around him wept his disconsolate followers, Hartley Dewart the most heartbroken of all. Injecting into his voice the tearful tremolo that in days gone by had moved the ladies' gallery into an outburst of sniffs, the incomparable one delivered his swan song.

"Ah, my children," he said, "this is a bitter moment for you. Never again will you march behind me against the forces of Baal and Hearst. Yours has been the privilege to stand behind me and to stand for me; yours the joy of beating the tom-tom while I have lifted the sword of righteousness. Victory has not been yours, but I—I have been exalted above men, and behold, the reward has come into my hands."

### Always in the Limelight.

"I have fought the good fight, I have never shirked publicity. Every act of mine has been done in the open light of day, and if the light was bad I have had the 'Globe' turn on an extra splash. In the new field in which I shall labor there will be little room for most of you, hard-shelled Laurier

Grits that you are, but grieve not, my spirit will be with you here. Never again will you have such a leader as I, but time will heal the wound."

Here the great leader was overcome with emotion and had to stop for a drink of two-and-a-half per cent. pop. He was just starting off on the second stanza when the reporter of the "Gasjette" fled, sobbing bitterly. When he reached the office he was still so overwrought that he sat down and dashed off the following affecting sonnet:

### Never Again.

Is this our fate?  
Never again to hear  
Thy sweet voice throb,  
Wafting us in the gall'ry  
It's soulful sob?

Never again to see  
Thy fervid face,  
Turned from the dirt and the  
dross  
Up into space?

Never again to feel  
Thy spurring gaze,  
Making quite sure we are not  
Missing a phrase?

Never again to cuss,  
Fluent and strong,  
Railing at speeches at least  
Half a mile long?

Well, if it be our fate,  
Why should we weep?  
Proudfoot can amble along,  
Meanwhile we sleep.

## NAUGHTY FILMS CLOSELY WATCHED.

Mr. McGurly Helps Appeal  
Board Look Them Over.

"I've heard complaints about this Censor Appeal Board," said J. A. Pirard, when the Whitby Ladies' College estimates came fluttering up. "Down in East Ottawa they say this here Board cans everything over 105 degrees Fahrenheit. Who's on this Board?"

"The senior member is Charles Matthews, the famous art critic," began Mr. McGurly.

"The one who nearly let

## MME. HIRST

### Mind Reader.

Can foretell what is going to happen to everything in sight. Special readings to mayors and civic controllers.

'Damaged Goods' through?" asked Welly Hay.

"Yes," agreed the Treasurer, hastily, "but that was before someone explained to him that it wasn't a bargain counter sale. The other is Mr. Oughto Elliott, a boon companion of the Press Gallery. That proves he is o.k. whether he knows anything about movies or not."

"But the House can rest assured that nothing improper goes through," added Mr. McGurly. "Whenever any film contains anything very shocking I am told at once. I personally inspect all such films."

Whereupon J. C. Elliott, the great financial critic mentally chose the Treasurership as his part of the far distant spoils.

### QUITE SATISFIED.

"Yes," said Hon. Mr. McPherson, "conditions at Burwash are now splendid—and I have still enough whitewash to cover Government House."

## TORONTO MEMBERS SEEK PROTECTION

Want Telegram Restrained  
from Inciting Mayor  
T. L. Church

## WOULD BE LEFT ALONE

Will Leave Legislation to Others  
But Will Look After  
Patronage

A deputation representing the Toronto Members' Association waited upon Sir William Hearst yesterday to ask for legislation making it a criminal offence for the Toronto "Tely" to incite Mayor T. L. Church to verbal violence.

"A misconception has apparently arisen," said E. W. J. Owens, while Tom Hook nodded his carefully barbered head in assent. "There are some guys down in the City Hall who think the Toronto members should take an interest in and support Toronto legislation. Ridiculous. I'd like to know how in the world we are going to find time to look after the boys and keep the patronage properly spread if we have to be bothered with bills and such things. What good are bills, anyway? What are they all about. I can never understand any of them, neither can Tom Hook. We fellers are ready to introduce them, but its up to the members from Kowcash and other rural points to find out what's in 'em."

### Hook Sees the Light.

When seen afterwards, Tom Hook said that he hoped something would come of it.

"Anyway," he said, "I think perhaps there's something in Tommy's claim that we ought to vote for the city bills. I'm going to vote for all of 'em after this and just to show I ain't prejudiced, I'm going to vote against 'em too. That's just as good and ain't any different to not voting at all, ain't it?"

## NOTICE

The young man who rented a dress suit from me for the Press Gallery Dinner must return it not later than Saturday morning. The Yiddish waiter who left it in my shop for repairs is calling for it earlier than expected.

Ike Goldstein,  
York St.















